firſt and ſecond cauſe, ah the immortall Paſſado, the Punto re-
uerſo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of ſuch antique liſping affecting phantacies, theſe new tuners of accent: by Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamẽtable thing graundſir, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtraunge flies: theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe pardons mees, who ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here Comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Herring, O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? now is he for the numbers that Petrach flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie ſhe had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipſie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *Bonieur*, theres a French ſalutation to your French ſlop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Ro. Goodmorrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The ſlip ſir, the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

Ro. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my buſineſſe was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer. Thats as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours, conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Ro. Meaning to curſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Ro. A moſt curtuous expoſition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pinck of curteſie.

Ro. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit follow me this ieaſt, now till thou haſt worne out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worne, the ieaſt may remaine after the wearing, ſoly ſingular.

Ro. O

Ro. O ſin gle ſolde ieaſt, ſolie ſu
Mer. Come betweene vs go
Ro. Swits and ſpurs, ſwits and
Mer. Nay, if our wits run th
For thou haſt more of the wildg
am ſure I haue in my whole fiue.
gooſe?
Ro. Thou waſt neuer with me
not there for the gooſe.
Mer. I will bite thee by the e
Rom. Nay good gooſe bite no
Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſw
Rom. And is it not then well ſ
Mer. Oh heres a wit of Che
ynch narrow, to an ell broad.
Ro. I ſtretch it out for that wo
gooſe, proues thee farre and wid
Mer. Why is not this better n
art thou ſociable, now art thou R
art, by art as well as by nature,
great natural! that runs lolling v
in a hole.
Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.
Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſt
Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe haue
Mer. O thou art deceiu'd; I w
was come to the whole depth of
occupie the argument no longe
Ro. Heeres goodly geare.
A ſayle, a ſayle.
Mer. Two two, a ſhert and a
Nur. Peter:
Peter. Anon.
Nur. My fan *Peter*.
Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her
Nur. God ye goodmorrow